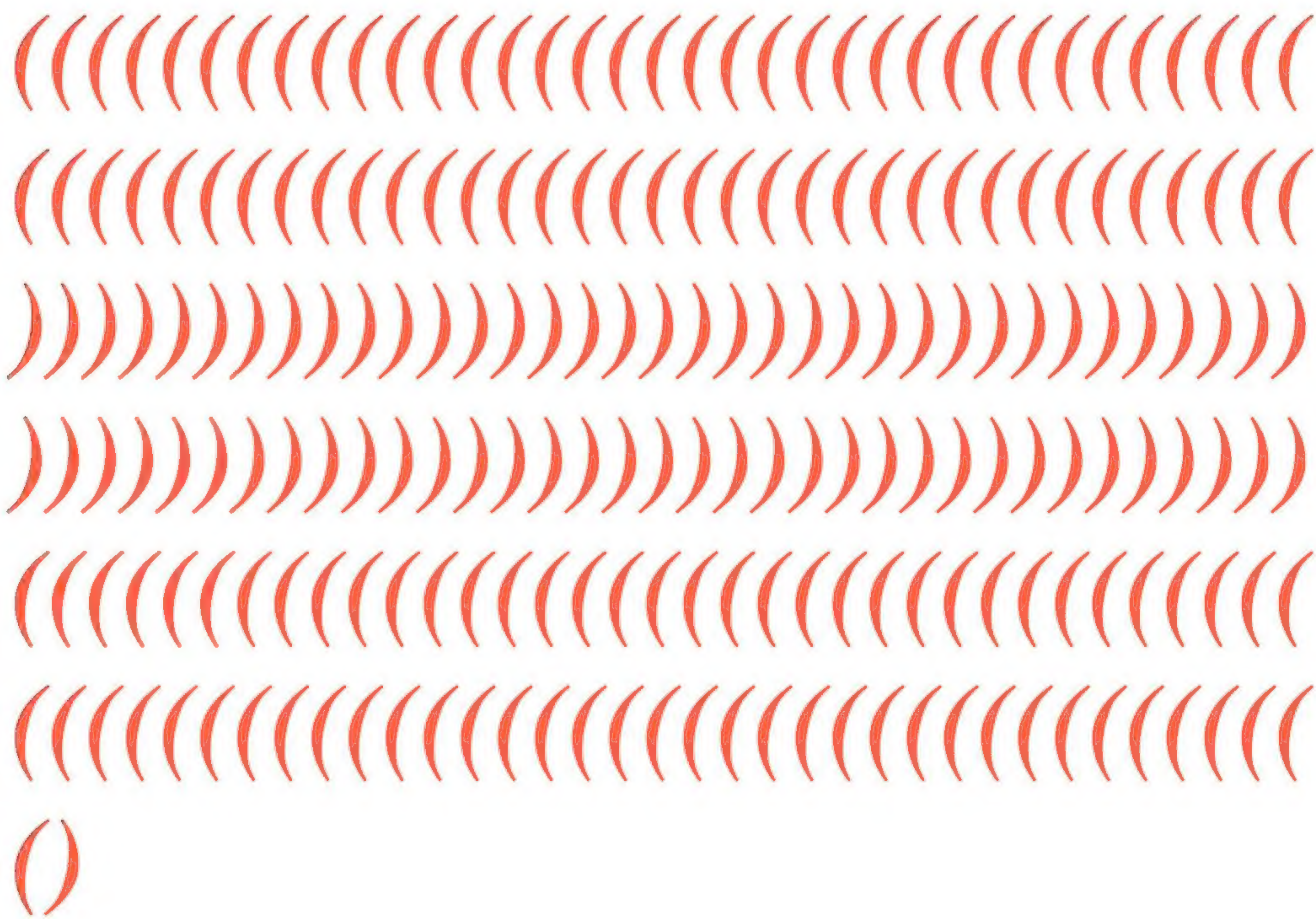


*20241112*





*Leaves arranged in  
a solemn line  
hanging out to dry  
Are summer's final call  
to arms for fruits that  
linger high  
How sweet the walk  
through bountiful fields  
and yards of work to do  
I give their preserves  
to the winter, but  
most preferably to you*





RODEO DE SANTA FE



6 12:00 PM

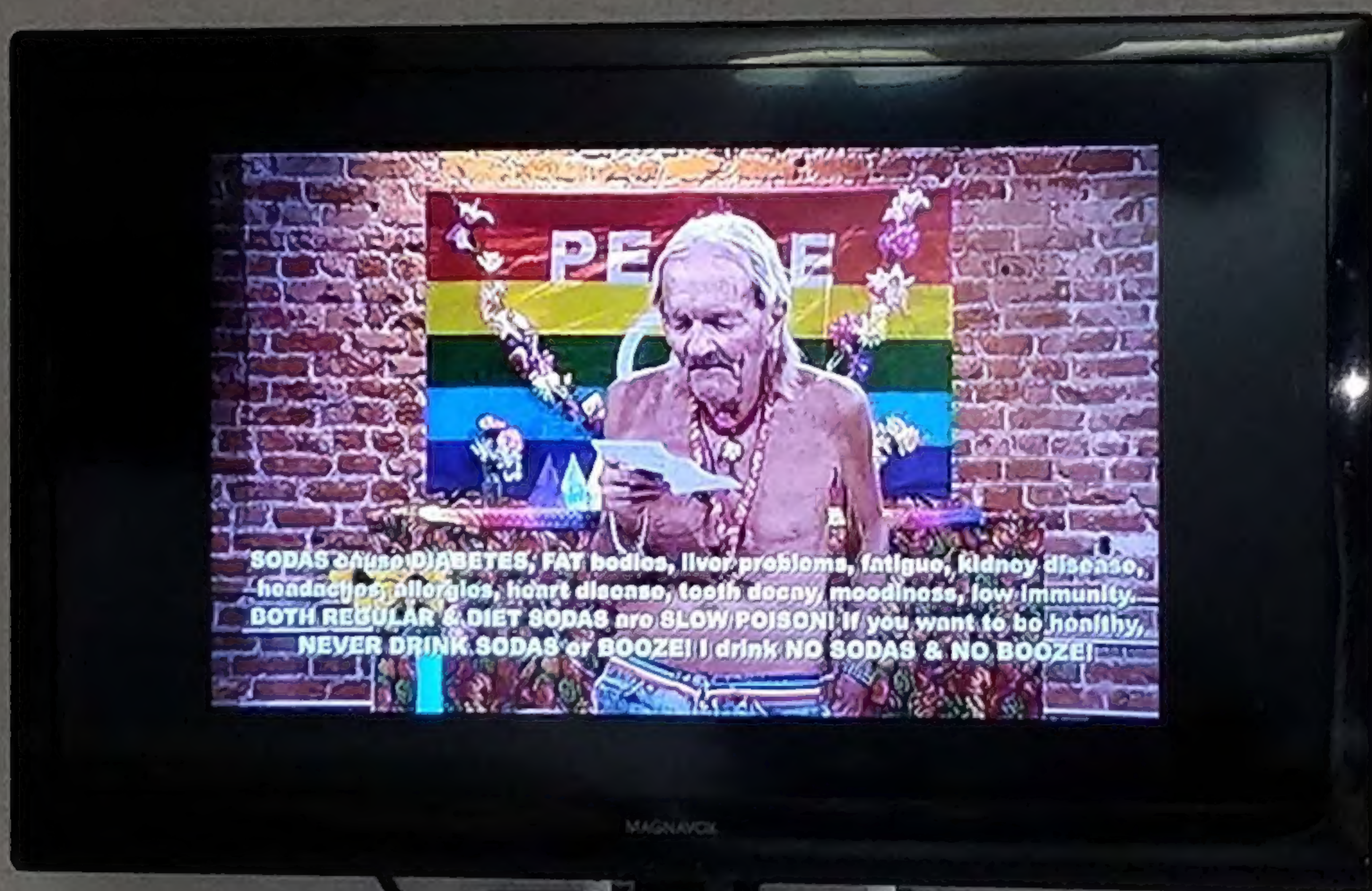
























26 8:23 PM

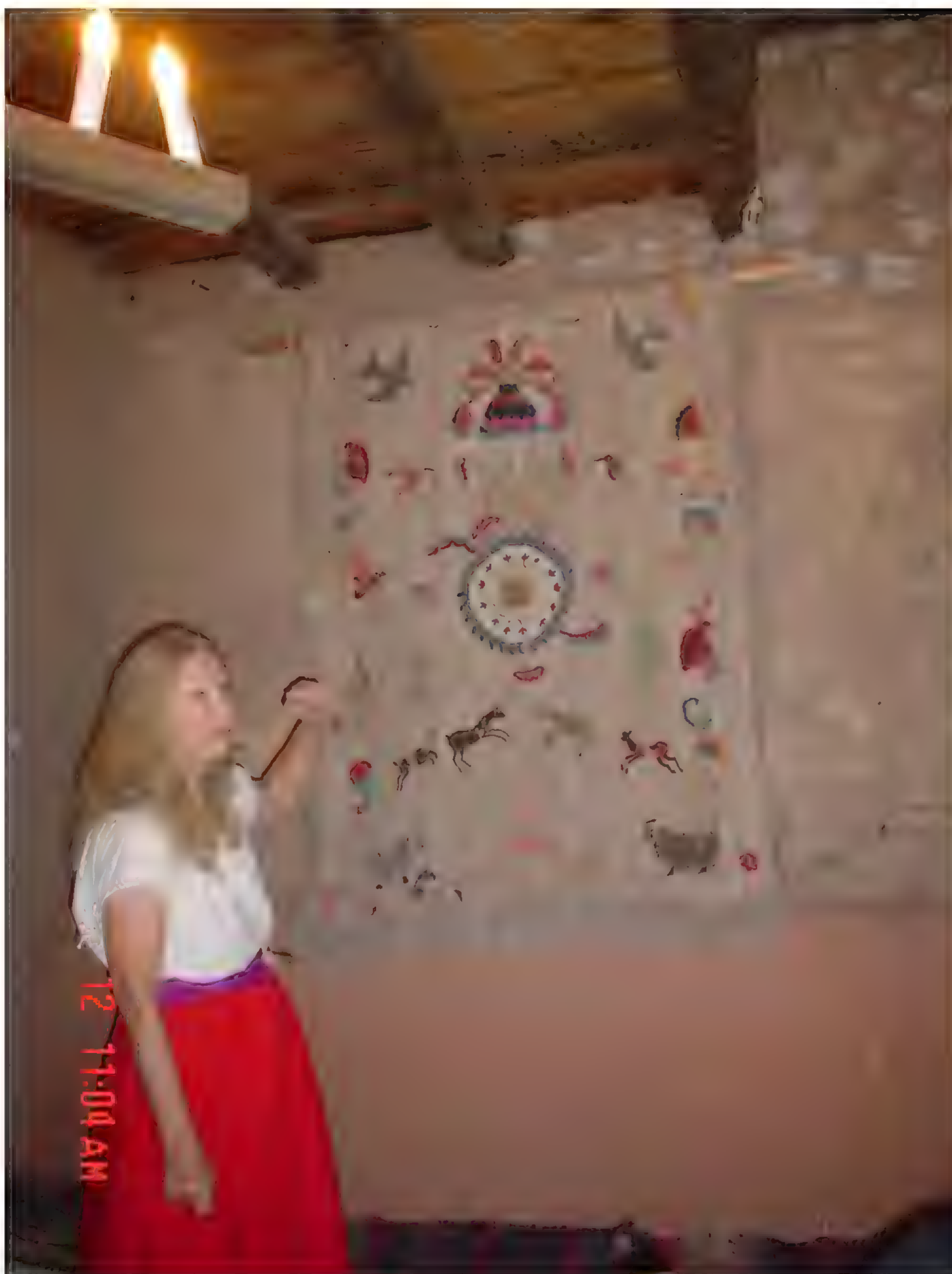












12 11:04 AM











